AERIAL FAST EXPRESS THE LATEST

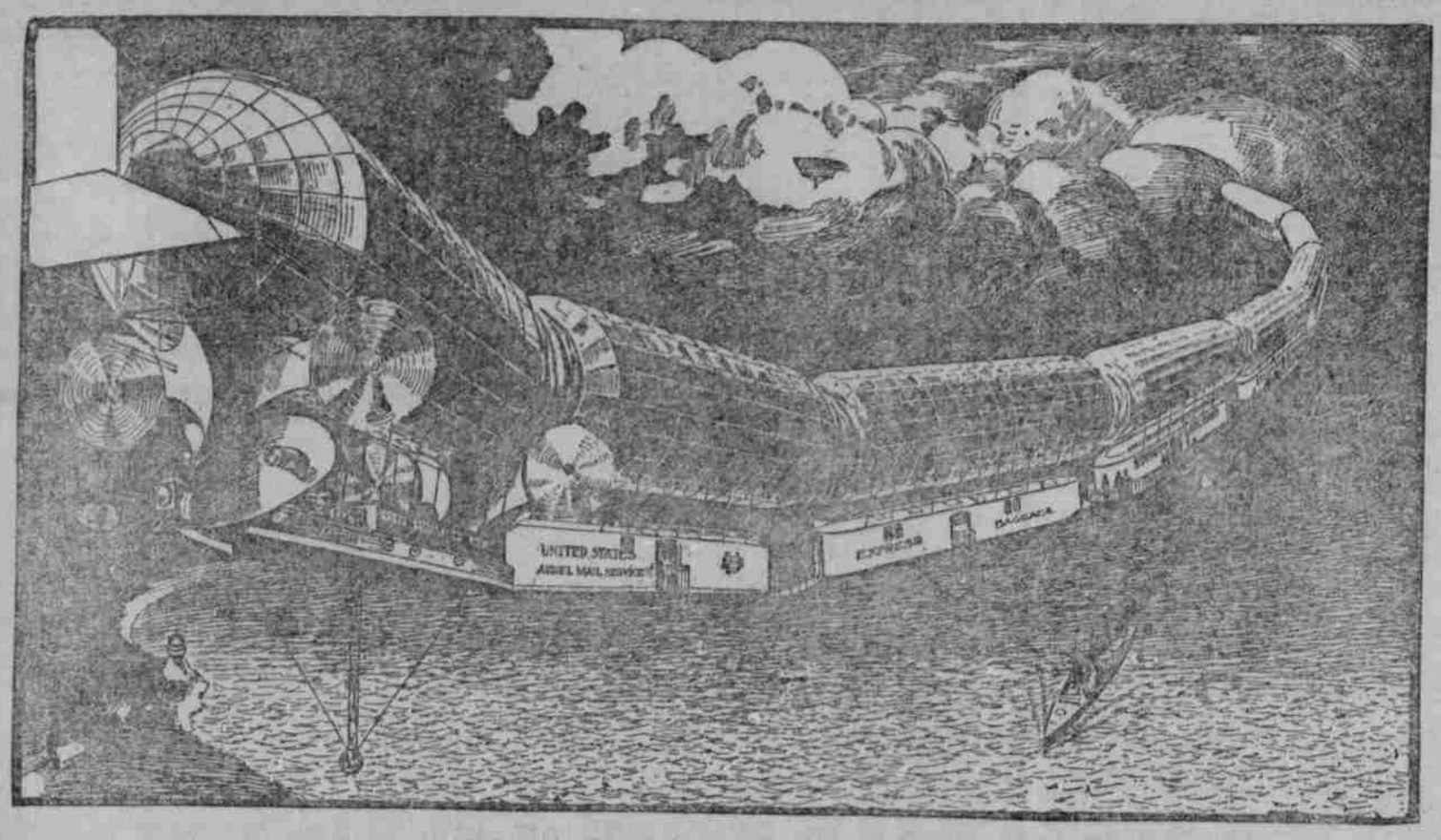
Count Zeppelin, whose new airship now has the world in a flutter, has received from the patent office at Washington a patent for a flying locomotive which will draw in free air a vestibule train of aerial trailers loaded with men and freight. The Count has evidently held this invention in store, hoping to soon spring it as another surprise upon the scientific world, and doubtless has not dreamed that American letters patent can be pried into by inquisitive newspaper men. Inasmuch as he made good his original ambition to give the world a steerable airship which would transport men, there is some substantial foundation for the anticipation that we will all—early in the dawning twentieth century—be riding about in his arerial express trains of detachable cars—trains which literally run upon "air lines."

Now, this is how the successful airship inventor promises to build his vestibulte train of flying cars. The details are set forth in his own specifications, now filed in the patent office. The locomotive and trailers are all to be Bologna sausage shaped and similar in general appearance to the Zeppelin airship now being tested. The framework or skeleton of each is to be made of hollow tubes, wire rope, wire gauze and netting, over which is to be stretched an outer shell of silk or similar material. The cylinder of each vehicle thus formed will be stiffened by partition walls, affording compartments or chambers, into which uniform gas bags will be introduced. These bags, when put into their respective chambers, will be collapsed like so many footballs out of which the air has entirely escaped. They are to be filled with gas after being put in place. Thus if a cannon ball were to penetrate the body of the aerial locomotive or of one of its trailers its damage would be confined simply to the gas bag which it happened to hit. That could be easily replaced. Even when all of these gas bags are collapsed the stiff, cylindrical skeleton of each vehicle will retain its form. In each compartment is to be left a free space, into which the gas receptacles can expand when the aerial train is "ascending to great altitudes."

Count Zeppelin evidently expects to perfect an aerial express which will reach a great height above the earth, where as all flying craft thus far made has aspired only to the lower strata of atmosphere. The higher a balloon envelope goes above the earth the larger is swells, and at great altitudes an explosion of the ingenious old Count's aerial express would probably result if he did not take the precaution noted. Beneath the aerial locomotive and each trailer is to be placed a gangway or running board rigidly connected to the main framework. Along this the conductor is presumably to walk while collecting fares and directing operations. The crew is to use this passageway to gain access to all parts of the train. From it rope ladders run up the sides and to the roofs of the cylindrical bodies of the respective vessels.

The locomotive for this Zeppelin train is to be the only vehicle provided with motive power. At each side are to be placed two air screws like large electric fans, held free from the sides by brackets resembling the outriggers of racing boats. Then there are to be rudders above and beneath at the prow. These are to be operated from the cars by simple steering gear. The locomotive is to be connected with the forward trailer and the trailers are to be joined to one another by couplers extending from the center of each balloon cylinder's rounded end and jointed to bend in any direction. Thus connected, a long train a la Zeppelin will have the appearance of a string of giant sausages. The vestibule at each point of juncture will be a covering sheet allowing free movement, but preventing wind from blowing in between the trailers and causing resistance. With these coverings in place the connected train will appear like a gigantic elongated worm.

The passengers, crew, cargo, fuel and supplies of this queer aerial train are to be carried in what appear to be little open rowboats, two of which are attached to the gangway under each balloon cylinder. Between these boats and from the center of each balloon hangs a long pendulum with a round weight at the bottom. This weight is attached to ropes extending into each of the two boats, where the crew, by pulling the weight back toward the stern or forward toward the bow, cause the vessel to slant, respectively upward or downward, and to thus elevate or lower itself as it travels. The locomotive and each trailer are provided with this novel balancing gear. To drive the air crews of his locomotive Count Zeppelin will doubtless employ whatever form of motor proves most satisfactory in the course of his present experiments.



COUNT ZEPPELIN'S LATEST STARTLING IDEA.

A Dahlia Farm

THE UPS AND DOWNS OF THIS FLOWER

A visit to the dahlia farm of H. T. Burt of Taunton, Mass., must be a revelation to any save a commercial grower or an enthusiastic, up-to-date fancier of the flower. The dahlia has had its ups and downs of popularity, but since that general fever of enthusiasm when the European gardeners had at last succeeded in semi-doubling and doubling the new comer from Mexico, garden lovers, true flower devotees, have mostly been cold, when they were not hostile, to the "florist's flower," the big, top-heavy round-upon-round of petals fluted and quilled with depressing uniformity. Even its velvet surface, its superb tinting, its fantastic freakishness of color combinations, even the pictorial helpfulness of the plant in the garden scheme and even that strongest argument, its long season of bloom, rising to its greatest splendor after the autumn rains, failed to win it any warmth of appreciation. That came first from artistic, discerning flower lovers to the single dahlia, when modern taste and feeling began to insist upon their restoration to their true place in the garden.

But that appreciation has persistently remained "caviare to the general," and the dahlia in any form, so infrequently and scantily appears in the ordinary gardens that a farm devoted to its culture seems as if it must be an indulgence to the craze of a wholly uncommercial specialist. But Mr. Burt's seven acres of dahlias mean business and as, beginning with a single plant, he has gone on to the 1,200 varieties that crowd these acres and has been a dozen years in the work, it is plain that dahlias have a standing and a future. All kinds there have been, but the addition of the cactus form to the single, great double and pompon ones familiar to most people, but the variations upon these four motives in color, texture, size, shape, curve and fimbriation of petal, in foliage, robustness and manner of growth of the plant, seem endless to the visitor treading these mazes of bloom. Single flower loyalists will not in the least be shaken in their allegiance by the masses of double triumphs of the florists' art and patience, in Mr. Burt's fields, for there are long rows of single dahlias growing with a freedom and decorative grace vouchsafed no other variety.

As for that latest addition to dahlia varieties, the cactus, even the most passionate devotees of the single form must acknowledge the surpassing beauty of the newcomer. It is to the old double forms what the Japanese chrysanthemum was to the few formal Chinese varieties that were our earliest acquaintance—a contribution of airy, irregular grace and elegance. The petals are longer and lighter looking and the color oftenest yellow, but occasionally a reddish purple adds greatly to the effectiveness of the flower.

According to Mr. Burt the dahlia is of the easiest culture. The same treatment that will produce an abundant crop of potatoes—light, air, room, a thoroughly pulverized soil filled with food—will produce an abundant crop of dahlias, bloom and tubers, though not all varieties are of equal constitutional vigor. Some lavish producers of the choicest flowers are meager root makers. To secure a fairly uniform size among his mailing stock Mr. Burt grades his varieties according to their characteristics, giving those delicate the heaviest application of fertilizer rich in potash. He uses both barnyard and commercial fertilizers, the dahlia fields are plowed and cross-plowed, the tubers are planted in rows precisely like potatoes, and after the young plants pierce the ground the cultivator is kept going until their lusty growth forbids. Happily, with the dahlia there are no insects to fight, but the flower is very sensitive to frost. Mr. Burt constantly increases his collection with the choicest of native and foreign novelties, the best coming from England, where, strangely, climatic conditions seem to suit the native of Mexico. September is the month when the dahlia is at its best in this country, but this year Mr. Burt's fields were in their fullest glory in October.

PROSPECTOR IN ROCKIES.

Leads a Life of Hardship That Few Would Care to Follow.

The prospector is the adventurer of the Rockies, says a writer in Ainslee's Magazine. From the moment he starts upon his career in the mountains, leaving behind him the collection of colorless and wind-beaten shanties, known as "the city," adventures greet him at every turn. As he picks his way through a wilderness of rocks and fallen trees, having left the meager trail far behind, ever on the lookout for a faint sign of the outcropping of the precious metal, his passage is almost sure to be disputed by wild beasts. But what an excitement there is in seeking for gold! It is stronger and more intense than that of the gambler at the green table, staking his last dollar on the turn of a card. The prospector may be penniless, he may have put his last cent into the "grub" that is now fastened onto the back of his burro; yet one stroke of his pick is likely to uncover treasure that will transform him into a millionaire. He sits down to a meager meal, cooked over a rude fire between a few stones, but all the time feels about him the presence of gold. Perhaps his fire is built on the end of a ledge that is "chockful" of gold; perhaps he is sitting on a rich outcropping that is simply covered with small stones, perhaps there is gold beneath the big tree just across the ravine. Gold may be everywhere, if he can only find it. He must find it. Surely his luck is not less than other men's. And so he goes on, scaling the loftiest peaks where snow lies all the year round, and even his heavy blankets are not sufficient to keep him warm at night, diving into all sorts of caverns and rifts in the rock, exploring caves only perhaps to be chased out by wild beast occupants, braving a thousand dangers that he may find the means of passing the rest of his days in ease. And how does it all end? In most cases the daring prospector who sets out alone meets his death miles and miles away from any human being. How, nobody ever knows. His bones may never be found. He disappears as completely as last winter's snow. But should the prospector strike it rich his adventures will go on as long as he remains in the Rocky mountains. If his find is worth anything as a "poor man's claim," he will put up a rude cabin and go to digging, concealing what gold he takes out in a place secret to himself. But he will have to guard it all the time, for covetous miners who are not so fortunate would not hesitate to take his life if they could get possession of his little pile of yellow metal. His rifle must be ready to use it at the first sign. At night he must sleep with one eye open. If a stranger approaches the cabin he must be ready to dispute his right to be there. The few years a man may put in at this kind of life are most wearing, and should the prospector conquer all risk and get back to his native town with a "pile," his friends will look upon him as an old man, though he is still under 40. Only the unknowing ones will envy his fortune.

VIRTUE IN OPEN AIR

Outdoor Life Gives Our Women Better Health.

The fact that we are rearing up a healthier generation of women than we did a decade ago is sufficient evidence that the advocacy of outdoor life, open air breathing and good sanitary arrangements of our homes is producing remarkable results. Some people may not attribute to these causes the revolution that has been accomplished, but they are primarily at the bottom of the whole change. The old-time notion that a woman slaving at her household duties or working outdoors should be healthy because she received abundant exercise, is not the modern idea of what makes health. They sometimes had too much labor exercise and dragged out their life. Others worked so steadily at certain lines of work that one system of muscles was developed at the expense of others. The resultant effect was not good health. It was rather one-sided development that sooner or later made room for lameness and disease which attacked the weak parts of the system. The unfortunate circumstances which make many a woman toil for her daily bread do not preclude her from attaining health and strength. The weariness which they often feel, and which they wrongly attribute to too much exercise, is often due to foul air, lack of variety in exercise and monotony of work. When shop hours are over, instead of returning home to rest up and lay off, or possibly do light work around the house, it would be better if they could take a brisk walk in the open air or take a little gymnastic exercise. Diversion of some kind in the open air is what they require, and next to this is the development of the muscles which are relaxed all day. Find out what sets of muscles are employed in the daily work, and then try to make all the others in the body come up to the same standard of development. It is this all round muscular development that makes a person strong and vigorous. Outdoor games and recreations come the nearest toward accomplishing this than any other form of exercise, and for that reason they are counted the best health-producers of the age, surpassing drugs and medicines of the apothecary or physician. Some games, of course, have their one-sided tendency, and if not supplemented by others, they may cause injury in this way. Thus tennis played to the exclusion of all other games strengthens the right arm and side, while the left side fails to respond. Wheeling gives less exercise to the chest and arms, but develops the muscles in the lower half of the body. The same is true of nearly all other sports. Now, the true athlete passes from one form of exercise to another. He punches the bag for a time, vaults with a pole, runs a mile, jumps into the tanks and swims around, tries the horizontal bar, throws the hammer and jumps and runs until there is hardly a muscle in the body left undeveloped. That in a sense should be the ideal standard for the woman, who plays games or takes other forms of recreation for the health. Let the attention be confined to no form to the exclusion of all others.

Extra Pay for Soldiers.

The owner of one of the big sloops that has sailed many races in these and contiguous waters is said to be ruining the cleanest and most dignified of all sports by raising the wages of his sailors to an unprecedented height. There is to be a general protest all along the line. He explains the situation in this way: "I am given to the most awful swearing whenever I get on salt water, and several of my best men left me a year ago on account of it, vowing they would never again ship on my boat if I intended to take active command. Well, as I believe in sailing my own vessel they kept their word. This season I made a new deal, which was no less than an agreement with my crew that their wages would be doubled provided they never resented by look or deed my swearing. You see, I can now go on deck and curse out the whole lot of 'em without having one so much as seem injured. It is a great pleasure to be able to vilify, abuse and browbeat a fellow whenever you please and call him all the names in the calendar with a certainty that he won't come back at you."—New York Press.

Posting a Hayseed.

Among recent visitors to the Capitol was an old man from a nearby provincial district who took deep interest in the comforts provided for the people's servants. "I tell you what it is," he said to one of the doorkeepers, "Congressman have a mighty easy time of it, don't they?" "Yes," admitted the doorkeeper, "they do." "They are washed free, shaved free, fed free, ain't they?" inquired the visitor. "Yes, sir," answered the doorkeeper, "and they are lodged free, too. Do you see that big building?" pointing to the Library of Congress. "That's where they sleep, and the beds are soft as down." "That's all I want to know," announced the hayseed, jubilantly. "I never did take much interest in politics, but I'll be gosh darned if I don't go straight home and run for Congress." — Washington Letter New York Tribune.

Greenland Journalism.

Journalism in Greenland is represented by a single paper and to its proprietor, Mr. Moelier, is due the credit of educating a large number of the natives, because he not only printed the paper for them, but also taught them how to read it. This wonderfully energetic man performs single-handed the functions of editor, reporter, proprietor, distributor and business manager. The entire paper, which is printed in Godthaab, is the product of his own pen. Some time ago he set up a primitive printing establishment, and every two weeks he performs a long journey on skates to dispose of his journal. Originally it contained only a few crude illustrations, but gradually other matter was introduced until now it contains articles on the affairs of the day. The man actually taught his subscribers to read his paper, first introducing words, then sentences, and now articles on the topics of the day.

Beer Gardens in Theaters.

In Germany theaters frequently have beer gardens annexed. These enjoy a large patronage. The best record in this respect is probably held by the new Royal William theater at Stuttgart, which, during the three months from June 1 to August 31, 1900, had an average patronage of no fewer than 1,600 persons a day. The quantity of beer consumed each day averaged one quart per head. The papers of Stuttgart are quite elated over the results and the German press at large is using the success of the beer garden as an illustration for the argument that there is still room in the large cities for more theaters of this kind.

Germans Give Tactical Instruction.

Twenty-seven Japanese and 17 Chinese officers are attached to the German army for instruction, being representatives of other foreign armies.

BUGS CAUSE INSANITY.

"Skull Borer" Works Havoc Among Indians in Central America.

A little bug which has been found to be responsible for numerous cases of insanity prevailing among the Indian tribes of the Batchua mountains in Central America was discovered recently by two American scientists investigating the work of the mound builders in that section of country. The insect which does such terrible work is, for want of a better name, called the "skull borer." The insanity cases were found among the criminal class, who according to custom had been branded on the shoulder and driven away into the wilder parts of the mountains. Here they sleep on the plateaus, with prickly pear bushes placed about their bodies so that no wild animals will disturb them. These "skull borers," which are about the size, shape and form of a buckshot, creep from the prickly pear bushes, and, crawling on to the heads of the natives, bore holes through the skull, causing the victims to become violently insane. The Indians could not understand the cause of the insanity and thought the victims were possessed by evil spirits. The "skull borers" produced varying kinds of dementia, depending upon the lobe of the brain into which they bored. The natives of the mountains will not offer the slightest affront to an insane person for fear that the evil spirit will leave that person and seize their own body. These insane criminals accordingly were allowed the freedom of the native towns and were given the choicest food and shown every favor. Many of these insane were liable at any time to commit murder, but the Batchuas would not lay hands on them. As a result the insane population was seriously threatening the security of life and property among the Indians, and even the rulers were helpless.

Women and Plain Men.

The Queen of Portugal has a private album of questions, of which one is: "Can women love plain-looking men?" To this the Empress of Russia replies: "Yes—If handsome men are not to be had." Queen Margherita of Italy puts the case this way: "Between fifteen and thirty women can love none but a handsome man; after fifty they'll have a man of any kind." Princess Henry of Battenberg takes the practical view that the question is one which ought to be governed by the maxim: "Handsome is as handsome does."

The most covered fire is always the most glowing.

SEA SONGS.

The Origin of "Rule Britannia" Was a Prince's Order.

"Songs of the Sea" from the subject of an instructive sketch by Alan Walters in Temple Bar. He claims that England is richer in sea songs than any other country. Dutchman and German and Norseman and Dane have only a few. And "who ever heard of a French sea song worthy the name?" We are told of the earlier composers. But: "We possessed no real national song of the sea until James Thomson received a commission to write words for a musical medley at the Prince of Wales' private theater, at Cliefden, in Buckinghamshire, on the first of August, 1740. The result was "Rule Britannia," set to music by Arne, and touched up afterwards by Lord Bolingbroke. So the watchword song of Britons all over the earth was written to the order of a prince who had no English sympathies, and whose nautical knowledge was bounded by trips from Whitehall to Twickenham, in company with pretty ambassadresses." Charles Didbin, who wrote 1,300 songs—the best numbering only a score—was the "Tyrtaeus of our fleet;" yet he made some glaring mistakes, and his ideal of a seaman was "hopelessly unreal." The writer inquires why Scott or Wilson or Southey never wrote a sea song, but they left the task to the Dibdins. He fears that the age of sea songs is past.

Unique Group Before Camera.

A photographer at Seneca, Kan., recently took one of the most unique groups that ever stood before a camera. In Centralia there is a woman who is living with her second husband, having been divorced from her first. The other day the divorced husband visited the town and called on his former wife and her new partner. Seized by an impulse, the woman proposed that all three should have their pictures taken together. The husbands had no objections and the group proceeded to the photographer, where a likeness was taken with the woman standing between the two men.

Always the Wrong One.

The New York Times relates a rather grewsome club joke, apropos of the custom of lowering the club house flag and posting a mortuary notice on the club bulletin board when a member dies. "It is such a delusion," said a clubman, with some protesting disappointment in his voice. "I catch sight of the pole on my way up here and discover the flag at half-mast. 'Ah,' I say, 'is it possible he is gone?' My spirits brighten and my steps quicken. Perhaps now, at last! I hurry into the club and up to the bulletin board, but—it's never the right one. Never!"

If the fish knode thare wuz a hook concealed in the bait thaid be wizer than men, and wuddent be kekteht mor'a wunst.